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Fruitful Hours.

(In memory of the late Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., for many years a contributor to "The Ave Maria.")

HE loved our Mother; and, his love to show,
Throughout the years full many a time and oft
Forewent the glamour of indulgence soft
In dreams, to spend his leisure's overflow
On tasks that helped her clients' numbers grow;
In her behalf he tilled his mental croft,
And wrote what sped dull, lagging souls aloft
To heights whereon her grace and mercy glow.

When came Death's summons, and the record long
Of life flashed swift before his dimming sight,
No hours amongst the whole unnumbered throng
Shone half so brilliant, or, in Death's despite,
So robbed of terror all that final scene
As those he gave Our Lady's magazine.

A. B.

Hamilton the Builder.

GEORGE J. MCFADDEN, '06.



HE history of nations is largely a story of individuals; of men of great moral and intellectual habits. Such men are often ill-received in their own day, they often suffer calumny and persecution; but if within them is a divine something, a devotion to any vital truth or principle, their memory is safe; the clouds will break away, and the light which guided them shall shine for thousands. Foremost among this class of manhood in our own land is the soldier who helped to fight the battles of the American Revolution; the statesman, who, though by prejudice a friend of England, was yet by principle, a true American; the builder, who, after the din of conflict died away, constructed upon

the wrecked confederacy a strong national union—the man of character and genius, Alexander Hamilton.

It is a truism and yet a truth, that great crises make great men. Hamilton lived in a time of change. The world was emerging from the darkness of oppression and wrong. Rights refused to the disregarded millions, for centuries were beginning to be demanded. Ireland, under the leadership of Grattan, was claiming social and religious liberty. France was on the verge of a bloody revolution. England, through the genius of Pitt, was trying to conciliate her outraged colonies.

Hamilton, the boy, on his island home caught the spirit of the times. Left an orphan at an early age he had to make his way in the world single-handed and alone. At fifteen, an age at which most boys are still playing childish games, he was in New York a stranger, homeless and without friends, to seek his fortune. His only recommendations, honesty and industry; his only resource, a keen intellect; his only guide, a lofty ambition and a holy hope, he yet achieved success, and was soon a student at Columbia College.

One summer night there was a political meeting in New York. Its object was to determine whether New York should join the other states in demanding a congress for action and for consultation. New York was the stronghold of the Tories. Professors and statesmen had spoken, but they voiced the conservatism of ages; their ears were open to catch only the murmur of the multitude. It is easy to float on the wave of public sentiment, but it takes strength and manhood to stem its tide. Then, Hamilton the student, stood before them, small, dark-eyed and nervous, a passionate fervor in his heart and an unspoken truth upon his

lips. There he spoke unanswerable claims for liberty and the divine right of man to be free. This mere boy carried his audience into higher regions where dwelt the light of freedom's aims and freedom's ends.

A man of deeds as well as of theories in the struggle of the revolution, Hamilton the soldier was ever in the thick of the fight. He fought at Long Island; he was conspicuous for bravery at Harlem Plains; he led the advance up the Heights of Yorktown. The Americans entered into the conflict of the revolution with the strong breast-plate of a "heart untainted" and a "quarrel just." Their patriotism sustained them through eight years of privation and trial. But from out of the gloom of Valley Forge and the night of conflict, they emerged covered with wounds and blood, staggering in their weakness, but victorious, with the risen sun of freedom beaming upon them, and freedom's flag, stars of glory and stripes of morning light, waving over them. But though living under the folds of that sacred banner, it was possible for them to relapse into a darker bondage than that from which they rescued themselves. The tyranny of many, guided by selfish passions and reckless of wrong, breeds greater evils than the tyranny of a few. The days following the American Revolution were the darkest days of American life. There was no settled national policy, no fixed plan of finance, no constitution.

Two great parties sprang up and labored to have their ideas implanted in this virgin political soil. Jefferson, the leader of one party, formulated certain principles of polity which many believed, if preserved, would keep the country in the true state of national progress. But Jefferson's system merely amounted to a profession of confidence in the people. He had been in France, and was imbued with the spirit of the French Revolution. He sought liberty and equality for the individual and the rights of the state as opposed to the rights of the nation. Hamilton, the leader of the other party, believed such a policy would bring only confusion and ruin. He was a believer in a strong national government, an exponent of centralization. It is said that he was favorable to a monarchical form of government, but the surest road to monarchy is

through anarchy, and in the constitutional convention of seventeen eighty-seven he labored for the constitution. There he came in conflict with the greatest minds of the time. They gloried in their newly-found liberty. They had just broken away from one strong government and were determined never to be restrained by another. Hamilton's speech in favor of the constitution, in point of forceful logic and concise style, is one of the masterpieces of American literature. Hamilton triumphed, and the constitution was adopted. His voice was the most persuasive of its adoption; his mind the greatest source of its strength. But after it was accepted, his own state of New York would not ratify it. Day by day he argued and pleaded till at last the hard-headed old statesmen acknowledged themselves conquered, and ratified the constitution. And after all this, to use Hamilton's own words, his only reward was "the murmurs of its friends and the curses of its foes."

Hamilton's work was not fully appreciated then. But the spirit infused into the constitution echoed down through the century. It was voiced by Andrew Jackson, when he quelled the secession of South Carolina with those memorable words, "The federal union—it must be preserved!" It was re-echoed by Webster in that most glorious of sentiments, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable." And when the smoke cleared away from the battlefields of the rebellion, it had received its final vindication.

Hamilton gave the written constitution a living significance. But his triumphal arch was in the building; he had yet to place the keystone upon which was to rest the burden of his fame. When Washington became President he turned to Hamilton as the one man who could successfully take charge of the finances of the nation. It was an enormous task to assign to any man. There was no system, no money, no credit. Hamilton created them all. It was his work to substitute order for disorder, hope for fear, confidence and security for dread and distrust. The countries of Europe were gloating over the apparently insurmountable difficulties of the new nation. Hamilton collected taxes, created a national bank,

and formed a revenue system. He took this government, which was a mock-word in every mercantile community on earth, and launched it on the sea of industrial security. His financial ideas have not been improved upon through a century of economical study. Where did Hamilton get his genius? Like all great and good men it came to him in the inspiration of serving humanity. The same power that impelled Shakspeare to give to the world the treasures of his inner life; the same power that sustained Savonarola in braving the hisses of the sin-stricken multitudes of Florence; the same power that guided the hand of Angelo in carving a divinity from the rough marble slab, guided Hamilton in the less dramatic task of carving a sound financial system out of debts and deficit.

Great work breeds jealousy. Hamilton was slandered by Giles, opposed by Madison, attacked by Jefferson. But strong in his integrity and dignified in his honor, he met every charge. He feared no foe, shrank from no obloquy, turned aside from no danger. He abhorred pretense, hypocrisy and lies. In the politics of the time he saw through Burr's designs, fathomed his ambitions, and thwarted his plans. Burr, unscrupulous and vindictive, challenged him to a duel. Hamilton branded duelling as murder, yet he unshrinkingly offered himself a martyr to the code of honor of the day. But while the name of Burr goes down to oblivion in ignominy and disgrace, the name of Hamilton is ever held in respect and admiration. The name of this man, who gave our constitution life, who created a treasury, and formed the basis for the nation's wealth, who preached the leadership of the United States as a nation, still lives.

When novices seek to introduce new and unsafe schemes of currency, it seems the voice of Hamilton can be heard in the silences: "Sound finance, without it your nation is undone." When anarchists speak their false ideals of freedom and their enmity to law, the voice of Hamilton calls as light out of the shadows: "Freedom is the fruit of law and can not be where law is not." When socialists speak in their radical way against existing conditions; when they try to uproot the landmarks of centuries; when they murmur against Christianity itself, we

study the principles of Hamilton the statesman: "Liberty is ruinous; governments futile; laws of no avail, unless behind them all we have the moderating power and sustaining influence of the Christian religion." Hamilton's life and works speak to us through the century, ever exhorting us to ideals that are sound, true, and eternal.

Jefferson served his country well. Lincoln lived in a time when the world needed his breadth of mind and his magnanimity. Washington stands alone in his glory—the father of his country. But tumult is not the final judge. When the shouts of rivalry and the clamor of the multitudes die away, silence gives her final decree. Hamilton, criticised in one age is acclaimed a hero in the next. He stands the test of silence. He is honored, not as a martyr, not as a conqueror, but as a true American.

The Ancient Roman Family.

BYRNE M. DALY.

To understand clearly the manners and customs of the ancient family two things must be taken into consideration;—the religion, which was the governing power; and the father, who, as chief priest, held the highest rank.

If in imagination we hark back to those ancient times we find in the centre of the house an altar upon which a fire was kept constantly burning. We see the family assembled around this fire offering sacrifices to it; for this fire was a god and was worshipped under the name of Vesta, or the Hearth-fire. Each family had its separate Vesta, and none but the members of the household were allowed to approach it. A unity of worship was necessary, therefore, in order to be a member of a family. The daughters at their marriage renounced the paternal fire and worshipped at the hearths of their husbands. In consequence, from the day of their marriage they could no longer claim relationship to the paternal family. The children of this marriage were of no kin to the family of their mother, since descent was reckoned through the male line. They could not inherit, for none could

inherit who were not qualified to continue the worship. The daughters, also, came under this ban, for we have seen that they were members of the family only as long as they remained unmarried. By custom, although by no law, however, dowries were provided for the daughters by their brothers.

Although buried in the tomb of the family, the daughters were not accorded a place in the ancestral worship. This worship ranked second to that of Vesta. A short distance from the house stood the family burial ground. It was one of the duties of the father, as chief priest, to offer food and drink once a year to these ancestors, since they were regarded as the gods of the family and worshipped under the name of Manes. History cites us many instances which show the importance of this worship. When the Gauls were encamped around the city of Rome, one of the Fabii, dressed in religious garments, passed through their camp and ascended the Quirinal to offer sacrifices at the tomb of his ancestors. For if these sacrifices were neglected, the ancestors would become the evil spirits of the family.

This ancestral worship also furnishes us with a means of determining who belonged to the family. In order to be a member of a family it was necessary to worship the same Vesta and also the same ancestors. The ancestors were three in number, and correspond to the father, grandfather and great grandfather. Through these ancestors the line of relationship extended as far as the sixth degree; but as the sons of the father, who continued to worship, assisted him in the sacrifice two more degrees were added, making in all eight degrees of kindred. Beyond this, relationship could not be established as a common ancestor.

Passing from the worship of Vesta and the ancestors, we take up the last of the central figures of the ancient family—the father or *pater*. He was the nearest of kin to the latest ancestor, and was recognized by religion as the only one qualified to continue the worship. All the power as chief priest of the sacrifice was centralized in him. He could dispose of all the property of the family. As the labor of the sons was a source of income, they were regarded as family property. The father could, there-

fore, sell his son, although the son was still considered as belonging to the family and under the dominion of the father. His labor only was sold.

Under the ancient religion the son never reached his maturity until the death of his father. He could acquire no property. Anything left to him by legacy became the property of the father. Accordingly, there could be no contracts between son and father.

The wife was in much the same condition as the son. She could acquire nothing; even her dowry became the property of her husband. She could never have a hearth of her own; she could never be the chief of a worship, and therefore possessed nothing which gave her authority in the family. As a girl she was under the control of her father; at his death she was governed by her brothers. When married she was under the guardianship of her husband, and when he died she did not return to her own family—as at her marriage she had renounced the paternal fire—but remained subject to her sons. In case she had no sons the heir of her husband became her guardian. The husband, at his death, had the right to choose this guardian or even to select another husband for her.

Such, then, was the ancient family. It differed in but few respects from the families in Greece or in other lands existing at that time. Owing to the domestic religion it was a small organized body; a little society which had its own chief and its own government. In later times, possibly for protection, the families having a common ancestor united and formed the Gens which are so prominent in the early history of Rome, and which existed in the British Isles under the name of the Clan. But even in our own day we find many of the ancient customs, especially the religion, still existing. The worship of ancestors is practised at the present time in China, and the worship of the sacred fire is still continued among many of the barbarous tribes, principally among the Hindoos in India. But as civilization continues to spread over the earth, and with it Christianity, it can be safely said that the day is not far distant when these pagan customs will be but a memory of the past.

Rondeau.

EDWARD L. ROUSSEAU, '08.

THE Gold and Blue let's wave on high
 And lift its glories to the sky,
 Its heroes bold in speech and song
 Let's praise, and pray that just as long
 As banners wave it too shall fly.

When far away and years pass by
 I'll think of thee, 'twill make me try
 To do what's right, to shun the wrong,
 Oh Gold and Blue.

Oh Notre Dame, when death draws nigh
 And I aloft your colors spy,
 With joyful heart I'll join the throng,
 My doubts dispelled, my faith made strong.
 A blessing on thee then I'll cry,
 Oh Gold and Blue.

The Principalship at Lincoln.

WILLIAM A. BOLGER, '07.

Lincoln is a typical village of the Northwest. Its citizens represent that high average of intelligence and virtue which makes the country districts a conservative check upon the large, heterogeneous, floating vote of the cities. Lincoln High School is the pride of each individual citizen, and the books of its ample library are to be found in every home. Men and women alike turn out in full force to elect school officers. To be a member of the school board is an honor to which no one may aspire who has not the approval of the wives and mothers of the town. The school board is thus composed of the very best citizens of the village.

In such a town the election of a High School principal is naturally an event of prime importance. Early in May, Principal Harrison had secured a more desirable position, and by the middle of June applications to the number of fifteen had been received to fill the vacancy. The applicants differed widely in experience and attainments, but most of them were young

college men recently graduated. These candidates were looked upon with special favor because for some years back they had been uniformly successful.

The choice of the board lay between two young men, Frank Emerson and John Longworth. They had been classmates during their whole college course, had competed against each other both in the class-room and on the campus, and now each unknown to the other had applied for the school at Lincoln. Their chances of success appeared equally good. Both were highly recommended by the college authorities; neither had influential friends in the town, and as it happened each had had a year's experience in rural school-teaching before going to college. The board felt satisfied that either ought to make a good principal, and found it somewhat difficult to choose between them.

This very fact made the contest the more interesting for Emerson and Longworth. They came to Lincoln the same day to see personally the members of the board, each to plead his cause as best he could. Their contest became one in which personality was the all-important element. Mr. James, the director of the board, invited them both to dinner at his home. James was the village banker and well known as a shrewd business man. It was his rule to invite the most promising candidates to take dinner at his home. During the meal he made what was to him a completely satisfactory estimate not only of the candidate's character but also of his intellectual and social powers.

Both young men passed this test well, but Frank Emerson made the better impression. Mr. James considered Longworth the deeper student, but preferred Emerson as an all-around man. The ladies of the household had in their own intuitive way formed a very decided opinion regarding the character and general fitness of each. Mrs. James was out and out for Emerson. Miss Clara, who would be a member of the next graduating class, also favored Emerson and thought Longworth a "little too stiff," as she expressed it. The two boys were enthusiastic for Emerson, who won their allegiance by showing a hearty interest in their prospect of having the best baseball team in the

county the coming summer. Emerson had evidently won this family.

It is but fair to say of Longworth, however, that he had been the more successful so far as the mastery of books goes. During his college career he was marked by a certain dignified aloofness, which kept others from sympathizing with him. Yet, he had a kind heart, and enjoyed the sincere respect of that small circle of friends who knew him best. Perhaps his application of that homely maxim, "Do what is right, don't mind what people say," was carried a little too far. He was now to learn that in his chosen field of work it matters much what people think. A schoolgirl thought him too stiff, and two schoolboys thought him too slow. Mr. James, it is true, would not have been willing to acknowledge that he was influenced in this business affair by the opinions of his wife and children. But the fact is he was influenced all the same.

Frank Emerson, neither brighter nor better than his opponent, possessed fine tact, the essence of those hundred little unnamable social graces which win people's hearts. He knew well that a sensible man must do many things not because they are of any intrinsic worth, but merely because other people do them. He realized also that to get a place to teach and keep it is a very important part of a schoolmaster's business.

By request both young men attended the High School commencement exercises and there met many of the prominent citizens of the town. On this occasion also Mr. Emerson made a more favorable impression upon the people. But Mr. Longworth was not idle. Two members of the board were strongly inclined to favor him precisely because of his cool severity of manner, believing that on this account he would be a stronger disciplinarian.

Saturday evening both left Lincoln after being in the town two days. Longworth, confident that two members of the board were for him and hoping to secure the third vote necessary for election, went home in a cheerful mood. Emerson being assured by Mr. James that his election was well-nigh certain, went over to a neighboring town to spend the Sunday with an old college friend and there await the action of the board which was to meet Monday morning.

He awaited very contentedly Mr. James, message which he expected to read something like this: "You have been elected. Come over and sign your contract." A full hour before the time expected, the message came, but it read very differently: "The board has elected Mr. Longworth. Have returned you your letters of recommendation." Emerson was entirely at a loss how to account for this sudden change of opinion. The cause was simple. Political feeling was acute in Lincoln, and when it was learned by the merest accident that Emerson was a democrat and Longworth a republican, one member of the board, for reasons all his own, changed his vote.

Edmund Kean.

ROBERT F. STACY.

Nowadays, in his study of the merit of the literary plays, the student of Shakspeare is too often disposed to overlook one of the most fruitful sources of the information which he seeks. The source referred to is that of the stage and the actor. Further observation will convince us that not only has the stage done great service as a commentator, but has also been one of the greatest forces in the preservation and dissemination of the works of Shakspeare. Hitherto the question has been considered in the abstract, the stage in general; let us now take up the most potent factor in this great work, the Shakspearean actor. And clearly standing forth on the list of the histrionic stars, from the seventeenth-century Burbage down to our own Mansfield, we find the name of that disordered but surpassing genius, Edmund Kean, for nineteen years the glory of the English stage.

Edmund Kean was born in London, March 17, 1787. His father was supposedly Edmund Kean, a person at one time employed by the builder of the Royalty Theatre; and his mother was Ann Carey, a descendant of Henry Carey, the poet, and by profession an actress. At an early age he accompanied his mother, who peddled perfumes along the English countryside; and in one of these tours young Kean

fortunately came to the notice of a Mrs. Clarke, who was so favorably impressed by his graceful manners and his recitations from Shakspeare—for he had often taken juvenile parts on the stage—that she kept him for two years, during which time he received instructions in dancing, fencing, and various other accomplishments. When about twelve years of age he joined Richardson's troop of strolling players, where he again met his mother who was a member of the company. From this time until his first appearance in London, in 1814, he acted a variety of parts, appearing in the provincial theatres of England and Ireland, while gradually making his talents felt.

In 1808 he married, and during several years experienced some startling changes of fortune; his family at times being on the verge of starvation. Through Dr. Drury, the master of Harrow school, who saw him at Teignmouth and had been greatly impressed by his abilities, he procured, in 1813, an engagement at the Drury Lane Theatre for three years at a salary of £8, £9, and £10 a week for each successive year. From his birth he had known naught but hardship and sorrow; he had been starved and beaten in his youth, and this engagement promised a welcome means of escape from the distress which threatened him in his manhood.

The long-hoped-for evening, Feb. 26, 1814, at length arrived, and Kean, as he bound up his few properties preparatory to his departure, muttered: "I wish that I were going to be shot;" but a nobler fate awaited him. On entering the dressing-room of the theatre but two members of the Drury Lane forces spoke a kind word to the young actor as he threw off his wet garments and donned the robes of the Jew of Venice, which character he was to portray.

The audience that had assembled in the great theatre that night filled only about one-sixth of the house, and those present were rather sceptical as to the ability of this young provincial player. All doubt vanished when he first appeared on the stage, for there was a courtly grace in his every action, and from the moment of his bow to the audience until the curtain was rung down on the last act he held the

minds of his audience. Each successive act added to his triumph; and the old theatre rang with applause such as had not been heard in Drury Lane in many a year. His performance was, in the words of Hazlitt, "The first gleam of genius breaking athwart the gloom of the stage." With the memory of David Garrick still before them the audience succumbed to the fascination of the beauties which Kean read into the rôle of *Shylock*. Of his acting that night Dr. Doran says: "But the absolute triumph was not won until the scene—which was marvelous in his hands—in the third act, between *Shylock*, *Salanio* and *Salarino*, ending with the dialogue between the first and *Tubal*. *Shylock's* anguish at his daughter's flight, his wrath at the two Christians who make sport of his anguish, his hatred of all Christians generally and of Antonio in particular, and then his alternations of rage and grief, as *Tubal* relates the losses incurred in the search of the naughty Jessica, her extravagances, and then the ill luck that had fallen upon Antonio—in all this there was such originality, such terrible force, such assurance of a new and mighty master, that the house burst forth into a very whirlwind of approbation. He demonstrated that night, as he did on many more, the truth of what Coleridge afterward remarked: "To see Kean acting was like reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning." Hurrying home after the performance he cried triumphantly to his wife: "Mary, you shall ride in your carriage yet, and Charles shall go to Eton."

Kean's fortune was now assured, and after his third performance as *Shylock*, the receipts of which reached an almost unprecedented sum, his old engagement was cancelled and a new one at a far higher salary was drawn up. Wealth and honors were showered upon him. He became the idol of London; he was fêted and banqueted. And here the old nature asserted itself, for often did Kean retire at an early hour from the gayeties organized in his honor to preside over a gathering of prize fighters and jockeys held in some disreputable wine room. But in spite of his dissipation and his fondness for low company he steadily rose in his profession. Triumph after triumph was scored. He essayed the most difficult rôles

of English tragedy: *Richard III.*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Iago*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo*, *Richard II.*, *Sir Giles Overreach*, *Lear*, *Timon*, *Virginus*, *Young Norval*, *King John*, were all personated by him with the sublimest feeling and power.

When for the first time he assumed the character of *Lear*, he had muttered fiercely: "I shall make the audience as mad as I shall be;" and he did. Again, in the rôle of *Sir Giles Overreach*, his methods were so impassioned that one of the veteran actresses of the London stage fainted with terror when she played a scene in the fifth act for the first time with him. In that frantic intensity, that vividness and poignancy of action lay the seeds of madness as well as the germs of success. Although he continued to act his usual round of parts in the theatres of England, and had even made tours of the United States, once in 1820 and again in 1825, his excessive drinking had undermined his constitution, and it was only by the continual use of stimulants that he was still able to act his old parts, while unable to master a new one. In this maudlin fashion he lived; but his time was short, for on the night of March 25, 1833, on which he was announced to appear in *Othello* along with his son Charles, with whom, after an estrangement of several years, due to the father's misconduct, he had just become reconciled, his mind failed him. With difficulty he had succeeded in getting through two acts of the play, but he lacked his former power. He reached the middle of the third act, the line—"Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone," which he spoke with all his old-time sweetness. He strove to enunciate the next line, but his memory was gone, and he fell heart-broken and exhausted into the arms of his son, who played Iago, and whispered: "I am dying, speak to them for me."

Death did not come to him immediately. He lingered about two months, during which time he wrote to his wife from whom he had been separated for seven years: "Come home; forget and forgive;" and then on the 15th of May, with his long-suffering wife by his bedside tenderly holding his hand, feverishly muttering a speech from a play, he died.

His memory is not forgotten. His fame

is secure; for the literary lions of his day, Keats, Coleridge, Byron, and Hazlitt have immortalized him in gratitude for the delight his performances gave them. And it is a curious thing, the view Kean took of those who commented on his work. He held in utter contempt any verdict of the people of fashion or rank; and on the other hand declared that the only good critics were lawyers, doctors, painters, and literary men; and these in their turn defended him from attack. It was in reference to one of Kean's early successes that Moore wrote that most scathing rebuke of professional theatrical criticism: "Poor Mr. Kean," said he, "is in the honeymoon of criticism. Next to the pleasure of crying a man down, your critics enjoy the vanity of writing him up; but when once up and fixed there he is a mark for their arrows ever after."

Notwithstanding the kind treatment of critics and students of the annals of the stage, Kean's reputation will ever remain tarnished by the vices to which he was so addicted and over which he exercised little or no restraint. He was physically and intellectually brave, but he had no moral courage. Against fearful odds he had fought his way up in his calling till he assumed the mantle of Garrick and the Kembles, only to lose the victory by his lack of self-control. No actor since Shakspeare himself ever displayed greater amplitude of power in rendering the wonderful lines of the Swan of Avon; and yet none ever possessed in such a degree the faults of that profession. He was vain, whimsical, and irresponsible; he was prodigal and yet not generous. He gave to his art a mighty impetus, and to his profession a stigma of shame. Whether the entirety of blame is to be fixed upon him no one ventures to say. Perhaps the view which Edwin Booth took of the matter* was the correct one; but at all events no one ever paid a bitterer penalty for his misdeeds than did Edmund Kean.

There is one thing in this unfortunate man, something which rises above the mass

* I am convinced that Kean's aberrations were constitutional and beyond his control. The blots on the scutcheon of genius, like spots on the sun, are to us, dim-eyed gropers in the vast mystery, incomprehensible, inscrutable.

of contradictions in which he lived and moved, it is that impulsive genius, that wonderful energy in the study and acting of his characters, which commands our admiration; and with that passionate energy was joined the absolute fearlessness with which he threw traditions to the winds and advanced his own original conceptions, to stand or fall by them. Let us, then, not forget the work he has done for the stage, and especially the lasting benefits he has conferred upon mankind in the way of reading new meanings and new beauties into the characters and lines of Shakspeare. But let us, on the contrary, strive to forget his faults, his excesses and his eccentricities; and while contemplating his genius as an actor overlook his errors as a man.

The Sanctuary Lamp.

W. D. J. '05.

NO jewel in the starlit sky
 One half your beauty shows,
 No ruby in the monarch's crown
 Emits so warm a rose.
 O luminous clot of deep-red blood,
 That tells of lasting life,
 You point me to His sacred shrine,
 When wiles of men are rife.

Dear lamp of God, when darkness comes
 And all the lights are low,
 You fill my longing soul with awe,
 As I watch your sacred glow.
 A holy vigil you must keep
 When other lights are dead,
 To guide the angels to His shrine
 Whence mortals all have fled.

THE impious man would willingly believe there is no God; his passions, the corruption of his heart, would fain persuade him there is not; the stings of conscience proclaim the emptiness of the delusion; the heavens proclaim the existence of God, and unperverted reason teaches that He must love virtue and hate vice, and reward the one and punish the other.—*Charles Carroll of Carrollton.*

My Treasure.

While rummaging around in the garret one day last week I came upon the old trunk I used while at college. You know that when my "days had been numbered" at the University I went away suddenly. I was not exactly "canned," as the boys say, but I felt it in the air that my presence was needed "at the front to fight the foe"—so I quietly put my belongings in the old trunk and "hurried to meet the enemy." Since that time my old trunk has never been touched except when I needed something out of it,—which was but seldom. Last week, however, through curiosity to see its contents I took everything out of it. Among the many long-forgotten things, there was one that brought me nearer the olden days than did all the rest. It was not an old faded flower, nor letter breathing of tender devotion, nor my Varsity monogram, nor my Latin Grammar,—although I have a deep-seated regard for them all, especially the Latin Grammar—it was just my old corn-cob pipe. To make you feel and know what a treasure the old thing is would be impossible, unless you are a smoker and could appreciate a good pipe. And it is not everyone I would have smoke it. It is as sweet as the most fragrant fumes of the Arab's sandal-wood. Every care can be driven from your brow by smoking this treasure. You can even be lulled to that land of dreams where no sorrow enters. More than this can my pipe do for me. When I am home from work at night and in my big chair before the open fire, it can bring me back over that long expanse of years to the evenings spent in my room at the college,—evenings when I smoked, holding my calculus on my lap upside down, and dreamed of far fairer things than "integrals and differentials."

There is not much danger of my treasure being stolen. No thief would recognize its value. Even the house-keeper declares she will put it in the fire. But how is she to know? She would also put an uncut diamond in the stove—not knowing its value, thinking it to be coal because it was black. The only thief I fear is "Father Time," and he will take me from it rather than it from me.

J. T. L., '06.

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—The announcement that the bi-monthly examinations will take place next week recalls to mind the oft-debated question of their utility and benefit. Much can be said in favor of them. The careful preparation which they require is the greatest element in the good results produced. From time to time through individual study and recitation we gain separate and disjointed bits of knowledge; to make them serve the end intended we must conjoin and associate these bits into one cohesive whole, a task which can be done only through the tedious work of reviewing. Moreover, though our natural cynicism leads us to declare that examinations were invented for the purpose of finding out what we don't know, we are forced to admit that they obligingly reveal what we do know. But again, there is the pessimistic view entertained by so many of our students. As the fantastic horror looms into nearness and certainty many a groan of despair escapes them as they think of the wearying moments of toil, the unremitting toil, thankless toil, which is so often rewarded with the dreaded "flunk" notice. The very thought of the approaching ordeal lengthens their days and shortens their nights. Furthermore, rational living is abandoned. A proper regard for meals, sleep and exercise is considered inconsistent with a thorough

preparation. Cramming is not the proper way to meet the crucial test. If we study for the sole purpose of passing, we are flat failures as students. The only way to avoid this is by conscientious work during each semester, then when the time comes we will not be forced to memorize for the moment what we should have learned months before, but instead we will have only to combine and correlate our itemized knowledge to grasp our subject as a whole.

—The question of examinations necessarily brings before us the subject of cheating,—cheating in class and cheating in examinations; but more especially the latter. The underlying cause is the lack of a proper appreciation of the harmfulness of this practice. "Honesty is the best policy," and, we would add, dishonesty the worst. It may take a clever man to cheat successfully, but such cleverness is nothing if not harmful. A degree and its companion testimonial, the sheepskin, stand for something; and that something is a liberal education. But, if you do not possess that which the parchment symbolizes, your degree is a burden to yourself and a hindrance to your advancement. Your deficiencies will unmask you and proclaim you to the world what you were in college, a cheat. Try honesty for a while. It is never too soon to lay aside vices and never too late to cultivate virtues.

—General Lewis Wallace is dead. This was the sad news that was announced on last Thursday morning to the millions of admirers of that author, who has won a permanent place among the great American litterateurs; of that soldier, whose gallantry and bravery in two wars brought him undying glory; of that statesman who served his country so ably and so well; and of that gentleman whose every act endeared him more and more to his friends. His name is inseparably connected with "Ben Hur," a work which has met with a success far surpassing that attributed to any similar work. And if he had accomplished nothing more than the writing of that book, his place on the roll of the immortals would have been assured. He succeeded in doing that which several others

had, without success, attempted; he produced a religious novel which has for two of its great characteristics, truth and sincerity. Unlike many other masterpieces, this one may be read and appreciated, not only by the educated, but by the universal man.

Although "Ben Hur" was published twenty-five years ago, it has lost none of its popularity. On the contrary, it has been constantly growing in the favor of the reading public. Only a few years ago it was dramatized, and its presentation on the stage has always received well-merited praise and applause.

Gen. "Lew" Wallace is best known as an author, but he has also acted in official capacities. He was governor of New Mexico, 1878-1881; and while in this office he laid the basis for "The Fair God." At the expiration of his term of office he was appointed minister to Turkey. While there he gathered material for the construction of another novel the worth of which was widely attested by the reading public.

He was a native of the State of Indiana, having been born at Brookville in 1827. He died in his seventy-eighth year at Crawfordsville, Ind. By his death his country has lost one of her ablest citizens, and his state one of her noblest sons.

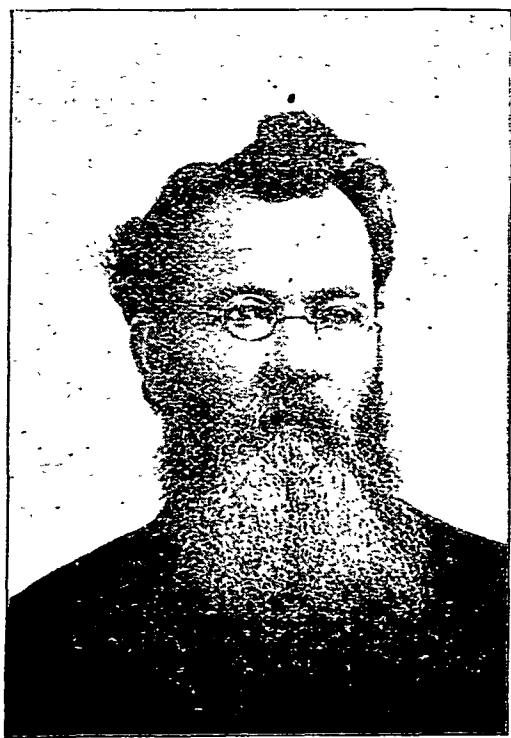
—Walter Page, in his article on short stories in *Collier's Monthly*, says that while the real West is dead it still lives in our fiction. It is often a matter of speculation just what the West is. It may be said that the country west of the centre of population may be so considered, but logically speaking this is not correct. The West has no definite geographical boundary. It is the place where a man stands on his merits; where there is no aristocracy of wealth or of blood; where it matters not whether a man can trace his lineage back to the Mayflower, if he be a man of originality and work.

In our Western colleges we find few men who are there merely for pleasure and to help to spend the wealth of their fathers. They are imbued rather by the spirit that inspired Lincoln to walk several miles after a book that he might study it by the light of the fireplace. The people of the West while serious are still optimistic. They are

accustomed to doing great things. People seeking adventure may try to find the old-fashioned cow-boy and the wild life of the frontier, but they are gone. The open prairies have been transformed into beautiful farms and little cities where the spirit of industry is rampant. The West is the country of hope and plainness and patience. What the Western people have done warrants the forecast that still greater things are yet to come.

—Of all athletic contests football is undoubtedly the most discussed in and out of season. In some of the minor colleges and universities the playing of this distinctive college game has been prohibited; whereas in others, among which are some of our most prominent universities, this sport is continually under fire. Do those opposing this so-called brutal game realize that they are seeking to curtail one of the greatest pleasures of the student body? The participants themselves know what bruises and injuries may be expected, still they delight in the game. It must be admitted that in past years the game was dangerous; but each year the committee on rules has sought to eliminate as far as possible these dangers. That their efforts along this line have met with approval is attested to by the increasing popularity of the sport. Football is not an evil; and when it ceases to be interesting, or begins to be barbaric, public sentiment will be sufficient to cause its downfall in the college world.

—An interesting and unusual investigation has been recently carried out by W. G. Anderson, director of the Yale gymnasium. Professor Anderson has compiled statistics which show that, while as a general rule they are taller and weigh more, yet the classical students are not so strong physically as their comrades of the sciences. The deduction he draws from this is that the students who are stronger constitutionally prefer the scientific training. But from these figures we would hardly be justified in drawing the conclusion that the classical student is more afraid of and less fitted for hard work than a scientific graduate, and facts prove that he is not.



Death of Father Toohey.

On Monday last, Feb. 13, the Congregation of Holy Cross suffered a painful loss in the person of the Rev. John M. Toohey, who died at the hospital in Austin, Texas, in the 64th year of his age. Born in Ireland; but educated in New Orleans, where he joined the Congregation of Holy Cross and was ordained priest, he was called to Notre Dame by Father Edward Sorin in the year 1872. Since that time he was continually engaged all over the country as teacher, parish priest and missionary. He successively held within the community many important offices of trust and honor, such as director, superior, and even assistant-provincial, showing himself everywhere very conscientious in the discharge of his various duties. His motto was "Refuse nothing and never ask for anything."

Rather simple and unassuming in his ways he preferred to work rather than to shine; his good will being surpassed only by his modesty. A kind of versatile genius, while fulfilling all his professional obligations as a priest or an educator he always found time to write for the religious press many an article that often attracted the attention of the public at large. Gifted with an exact, almost too exacting mind, he gradually won the reputation of an eminent philologist, and even minute orthoepist in the English

language. A remarkable linguist he mastered the French, German, Italian, and, later on, the Spanish and Bohemian tongues, which he rendered into the vernacular with a perhaps too literal fidelity. His translation of "The Story of Joseph Haydn," the Austrian composer, is so interesting as to read like a romance, and so well written as to stand a model of elegant and graceful style. As a preacher his diction, clear, correct and concise, shows that in the pulpit he aimed more to instruct his audience than to stir up their emotions. He always meant what he said; and if at times he felt too great an aversion for any rhetoric whatever he never failed to be honest in intention, sincere in conviction, and simple in expression. During the six years he spent in the University of Notre Dame as Professor, Prefect of Discipline and Vice-President, he made a deep impression on all students by his spirit of kind firmness, democratic condescension and Christian charity. After leaving Notre Dame, in the South as well as in the North, like the soldier spoken of in the Gospel, he instantly went wherever he was sent by his superiors, and the last act of his life, though scarcely able to move or breathe, was an act of heroic obedience performed by an exemplary religious. S. F.

* *

Last Friday morning the students were present at a Solemn High Mass celebrated in memory of Father Toohey. Rev. President Morrissey was celebrant; Father Corbett deacon, and Father Sammon subdeacon.

Athletic Notes.

The Inter-Hall track meet held in the gymnasium last Saturday afternoon was one of the most successful of its kind ever held at Notre Dame. The events were run off smoothly and quickly, thus avoiding the long waits and delays which have rendered former meets so monotonous. By three o'clock the gallery was packed with enthusiastic rooters from the different halls, who loudly cheered their respective teams and the members of them. Sorin easily led in this respect, and it must be acknowledged that their excellent cheering

was one of the factors that helped Captain Quigley and his men to win the banner. The most inspiring of Sorin's songs was the following which is sung to the tune of that glorious war song—the "Battle cry of Freedom."

Hurrah for Sorin! Hurrah for her team!
Hurrah for Quigley, ain't he a dream?
We're going to win the meet, boys,
For "Quig" is here to-day,
Shouting the battle cry of Sor... in.

Many members of the faculty were present, including Rev. President Morrissey and Fathers French, Crumley, O'Neill, and Schumacher. The first event was the forty-yard dash, and Corby made an auspicious beginning by taking the three places, giving her a total of nine points. Things looked gloomy for Sorin, but in that desperate moment her devoted adherents in the gallery broke into the glorious chant:

Sorin, Sorin, dig, dig;
Hit up, old "Quig."

The effect was at once apparent, for Bracken restored the prestige of Sorin by taking first place in both the high and low hurdles. After the hurdles came the 880-yard run, an event in which the greatest interest was shown. Sorin expected Quigley to win this race; and when he got a poor start a groan of despair came from their section. "Quig" made a manful effort to catch the bunch, and by a game sprint came up with them only to run into a pocket from which he could not escape. In spite of this misfortune first place went to Sorin, for Tommy Welch in a beautiful sprint ran away from Murray and crossed the line a winner, while the gallery shrieked "Sizzle drizzle doodle dum!" On the last lap Quigley escaped from confinement, and by one of the grittiest finishes ever seen on the local track took third place and a point for Sorin. The other feature of the meet was the 440-yard dash in which Quigley and Kasper ran for Sorin, while O'Connell and Hudson represented Corby. At the first turn, Captain Quigley was violently thrown, and for some moments lay in a stupor. This left only Kasper to run for Sorin, and he came in second to O'Connell who ran the event in excellent form. O'Connell, however, was disqualified for fouling, and first place was given to Kasper. The features of the meet

were the fine all-around work of Bracken, who was the largest individual point winner, and the excellent work of Rennacker, Coad and Guthrie. The final score was: Sorin, 43; Corby, 39; Brownson, 10; St. Joseph, 7.

SUMMARIES:

40-yard dash—1st, Thompson; 2d, Holliday; 3d, O'Connell. Time, 4 4-5.

40-yard high hurdles—1st, Bracken; 2d, Evans; 3d, O'Shea. Time, 5 4-5.

40-yard low hurdles—1st, Bracken; 2d, Dwan; 3d, Coad. Time, 5 3-5.

880-yard run—1st, Welch; 2d, Murray; 3d, Quigley. Time, 2:20.

440-yard dash—1st, Kasper; 2d, Hudson. Time, 1 minute.

1-mile run—1st, Powers; 2d, Milner, 3d, Rush. Time, 5 minutes 30 seconds.

220-yard dash—1st, Coad; 2d, Lally and Dwan tied. Time, 25 seconds.

High jump—1st, Winter; 2d, Pryor; 3d, Strauss; 4 feet 11 inches.

Broad jump—1st, Guthrie; 2d, Bracken; 3d, Holliday. Distance, 20 feet 5 inches.

Pole vault—1st, Rennacker; 2d, Pryor; 3d, Guthrie. Height, 10 feet.

15lb shot put—1st, Sheehan; 2d, Guthrie; 3d, Funk. Distance, 38 feet 6½ inches.

Referee—Dr. J. A. Stoeckley. Judges at finish—Professor; Maurus and Mahoney. Field judges—Professors Sweeney, Powers and Reno. Starter—W. A. Draper. Time-keeper—D. O'Connor.

Quigley's fall in the 440 did not result as seriously as it was at first suspected. He received several painful bruises and was spiked but not very severely. He was laid up only a few days.

The absence of Hill from the meet weakened Sorin, and made the contest much closer than it otherwise would have been. The loss of the pole vault would have enabled Corby to win out, but Rennacker was there at the crucial moment and made sure of the banner for Sorin.

* *

A meeting of the Minim Athletic Association was held at St. Edward's Hall under the direction of President Reno. At the meeting it was decided to organize a basketball league to be composed of four teams. The secretary was requested to draw up a schedule of games, the first of which will be

held next Sunday afternoon. The following men will captain the teams: Woods, Herkstein, Roe and Langendorf. A banner or some suitable trophy will be presented to the winner. After the details of the basketball league were disposed of, the association turned to track affairs and elected as captain of the two first teams Roe and Yrisarri. Around the middle of March a big meet will be held at the gym in which the question of the track championship will be settled.

* *

The injury which Draper received in the De Pauw football game prevented him from doing any work with the shot up to last week. However, he seems to have lost none of his old form in this event, for during the practice last Saturday afternoon he succeeded in putting the 16lb shot over 46 feet. This ought to win the event in the state meet.

* *

During the past week Arndt has devoted much of the baseball practice to coaching the men in the art of hitting. Arndt is an exponent of the short choppy style which has been so successfully used by Keeler and many other great hitters. The gymnasium makes an ideal place for indoor practice, but during the past week the heavy and continuous snowfalls have covered the skylights and made the interior rather dark.

* *

O'Connor has a slow ball that is a wonder. He worked it with terrific effect in several doubles much to the regret of the unsuspecting. Shea and O'Neil have the same slow one at their finger tips.

* *

The honor of breaking the first bat of the season belongs to Tobin who had the great happiness last Thursday. He held the trade mark up too. Joe Buckley will have the bat repaired

* *

There has been much agitation in Corby for a dual meet with Sorin, for down in their hearts they think that in a dual meet Corby could defeat the Inter-Hall champions. While Sorin is not seeking such a meet nevertheless we have been authorized to say in these columns that Sorin is always ready to meet Corby in any athletic contest that

they may propose, and that if Corby desires a dual meet with Sorin, the latter will be ready at any time to accommodate them. Manager McGlew is willing to run off such a meet if the two halls desire it. If Corby wishes to enter into a dual meet a committee should be sent to him in order that arrangements may be made.

* *

McCarty seems wedded to ill luck in baseball this year. He had just recovered from a black eye received while batting when he was hit by a slow ball in the lip which caused an inconvenient but not serious swelling of the member. J. F. S.

Cards of Sympathy.

Whereas, It has pleased the infinite goodness and wisdom of God to remove from this life the mother of our esteemed associate, Professor F. X. Ackerman, be it

Resolved, That, we in behalf of the Faculty, extend to him our heartfelt sympathy in his bereavement.

Professor M. J. McCue.

Professor William Hoynes

Professor John G. Ewing.

* *

We, the undersigned, in behalf of his classes hereby take the opportunity to extend our sincerest sympathy to Professor Francis X. Ackerman in the great bereavement caused him by the death of his beloved mother.

Harry J. Roberts

William P. Donovan

William A. Waldorf

John J. Scales—Committee.

Personals.

—The Rev. A. G. Hermann, Pastor of SS. Peter and Paul's, Doylestown, Ohio, visited here last week.

—Mr. Charles Ade, of Kokomo, paid a short visit during the week to his son Glenn in Carroll Hall.

—Arthur M. Steiner is another member of last year's Civil Engineering class that is employed by and doing well with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Logansport, Ind. This is but another instance of the fact that Civil Engineering graduates of Notre Dame are always capable of performing the duties expected of them.

—Mr. Anton C. Stephan (C. E. '04) was a welcome visitor during the week and was greeted with many a hand-shake from his

old friends. Steph, who was for the last two years captain and first baseman of the Varsity team, is now well located with the engineering corps of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, with headquarters in Logansport, Indiana.

—We are pleased to note the progress of John W. Dubbs of Mendota, Illinois, who graduated in law in 1903. He is building up a large practice in his home town, where he is affiliated with one of the best lawyers in the state. Lately he has been appointed assistant state attorney of La Salle County, a position of high honor for so young a man. The record he left behind him at Notre Dame is sufficient guarantee that he will make a brilliant record.

—Visitors' registry:—Miss Minnie M. Grath, Captain P. McIntyre, Pt. Duhomie, Canada; Mrs. W. E. Konzen, E. A. Fliten, Mishawaka, Ind.; Thomas L. K. Donnelly, Miss Magdalene Whitstone, Niles, Michigan; Andrew Gering, John R. Harrington, Albert C. Richmond, Chicago, Ill.; J. S. Corbett, Marion, Ind.; Nicholas Emanuel, North Bend, Neb.; Mrs. Frank Sarnt, Buchanan, Mich.; Mrs. W. and R. Schrodes, Charles Pulchrone, Battle Creek, Mich.; J. W. Kennington, Eber A. Fox, Michigan City, Ind., Anna Corbett, Marion, Ind.; Miss Bessie Richmond, New Orleans, La.

Local Items.

—Dr. J. A. Stoeckley, donor of the Stoeckley Gold Medal, officiated as referee of the Inter-Hall track meet.

—Advertisement.—Wanted: A hat that will induce the Corby Hall art devotee to cover his curly locks.

—The cold weather has claimed many a victim in the past week. The infirmary is becoming more populous and popular each successive day.

—The opening of the preliminaries for the debating team has been postponed ten days to give the candidates every opportunity to prove their worth.

—The Very Reverend President recently spent a few days examining the little men of St. Edward's Hall. The visit is but a slight indication of the great interest he takes in their welfare. He expressed himself as well pleased with the work that they are doing.

—The storms and heavy snows to the westward of the University have put some of the students to a slight inconvenience and curtailed a luxury for the past few mornings, as the Chicago papers have not been arriving on anything like schedule time.

—Professor Edwards and his assistants in the library have been greatly inconvenienced for the past few days on account of the chill atmosphere in their domain. The projected improvements have been temporarily abandoned but will be continued the moment the weather permits.

—Remember! The examinations are scheduled for February 24 and 25. It is not too late yet to scrape the rust off one's brains. But if one has allowed it to accumulate he can not expect to have the bright and well-polished brains that he would have if he attended to them daily. Is it not so?

—Owing to the departure of Mr. W. G. Emerson, Commander of the Sorin Cadets, no selection of officers has been made. Mr. Emerson was called home on account of the illness of his father. He has the best wishes of the Cadets and his friends, who hope for the speedy recovery of his father and for his own return to the University in the near future.

—Every Wednesday and Saturday night the Sorin Hall choir practises in the chapel of that building. The first night that the wily shouters congregated, they furnished a surprise for their fellow tenants, but now that the first impression has gradually worn off, these, in turn, are prepared to endure, in long-suffering patience and meek humility, the torture with the hope of brighter days in view.

—On account of the many volumes which have been missed from the library since the opening of the new year, and the consequent annoyance therefrom, Professor Edwards, who has full charge of the library department, after having taken the matter under advisement, has decided to take effective measures to prevent any repetition of like offenses. With the assistance of his coadjutors he plans to erect a guard rail in front of the bookshelves, thus making out of the centre portion of the library a reading room, and preventing the students from using the books without their first passing through the hands of the librarian in charge. The railing will be erected during the coming week and in the meantime the students who avail themselves of library privileges will be obliged to conform to the proposed rules.

—Will the Seniors give an Easter ball this year? is the query that has been persistently repeated among the upper class-men since Christmas time, though never more so than the present. In view of the success of this event, which was first undertaken by the class of 1904, there is every reason to hope and little cause to doubt that there will be a repetition of the affair. We feel assured that the Seniors of 1905 have as much class

spirit and as much college spirit as any of their predecessors.

—The St. Joseph Literary and Debating Society held their regular meeting last Wednesday evening and a delightful program was rendered. The hall as usual was crowded and great interest was shown by the applause given to each member who participated on the program. The debate: Resolved, "That Pauperism is more detrimental to society than Illiteracy," in which the house acted as the judge was decided in favor of the affirmative. Messrs. O'Flynn and J. Cunningham upheld the affirmative, while the negative was well argued by Messrs. Lechleitner and Collier. Mr. John J. Cunningham gave an oration that proclaims him a coming speaker. Mr. Galligan rendered a declamation which showed good training and skill. The impromptu speech of Mr. Duffy was the "hit" of the evening. At 9:45 the meeting adjourned.

—"Din, din, din," is no name for the execrable oratorical explosions which rock Sorin Hall to its very foundation, at least five times a day. From north, from south, from east and west, come the tirades. Undoubtedly the country is in grave danger, else there would not be so great an interest shown in her welfare. But then when we reflect that the preliminary debates are only a few days off, we should certainly strive to have charity in our hearts while listening to the strenuous efforts of the gentlemen who are striving, from all sides, so earnestly to convince us that they and they alone are on the right side. We desire, not at all in jest, to call the attention of all such to the fact that along with compulsory arbitration being a curtailment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, their speeches must be reckoned with in the same connection.

—Last Wednesday afternoon in the Junior Parliamentary Law class the members took part in a very spirited debate. The question as proposed and adopted at a previous meeting was: "Resolved, That our Philippine policy is not in harmony with our national ideals." The affirmative side was ably expounded by Messrs. Zink and Keefe, while the negative relied upon Mr. Kenny and his "assistant," Mr. Malloy, as their mainstays. The speeches were carefully prepared, and the argumentation was keen and to the point. Mr. Kenny's oration especially merited the plaudits of his auditors; and even one of his honorable opponents paid him the compliment of characterizing his effort as a "flowery carnival of speech." On a vote of the entire class the decision was awarded to the negative side, Messrs. Kenny and Malloy.

—The Sorin Hall Glee Club held its semi-weekly session on the second floor last

Thursday morning. The services were impressively opened by a cheerless rendition of "Down on the Brandywine." The high-chief executioner (Do you know him, boys?) furnished the music as well as led the band in their savage attacks on harmony. The high-tenor was a little wobbly in his execution, for he was evidently down in the mouth. The rasping baritone from the jungles of the first floor has but one impediment to a successful career as a singer and that is voice; if he could rid himself of that his prospects would become brighter. The basso-profundo (Are you listening, boys?) who hails from the copper country, yet lacks naught in brazen impudence, fully merits the praiseworthy language indulged in by well-meaning neighbors. But above all, the star member of the organization is the general utility man, who sings a little tenor, a little bass, and a little worse than the rest. To judge from his vocalization he must be suffering from the hay fever; but then, that is a prevalent affectation among farmers west of the Mississippi. The next regular meeting of this murderous aggregation is scheduled for to-morrow, Sunday, morning. All music lovers had better make themselves conspicuously absent, for there is no telling what deadly effects some of the stray notes are capable of producing.

—"The Old Oaken Bucket" has been resurrected, and from all appearance it has been well preserved—considering the time it has been dead. Still the handlers of this ancient article are beyond the pale of the redeemable, for the aforementioned was found without investigation to be a veritable bucket-shop. Enclosed and hanging on the edges of this antique and to-be-forgotten element of disturbance were the remains of a "Hot Time," "Hiawatha" and "In the Sweet By and By." Undoubtedly the "Hot Time" will continue to stay with the excavator, who is no other than the distinguished and irrepressible son of U. U. Dee Jamie. To the same gentleman belongs all the praise and credit—if there be any—for the speedy and sudden convalescence of the noble "Hiawatha." This was clearly and easily the hit of the evening on which these masterpieces were displayed. Those refusing to believe this marvelous statement will kindly correspond with the gentleman mentioned above, and if he has recovered from his hits he will make another with you. His rendition of the "Sweet By and By" was superb, and all present were unanimous on the point that they hope and pray that he shall soon, very soon, be "on that beautiful shore." No inferences are to be drawn from this last sentence. The ease, facility and nonchalance with which he executed these pieces have won hymn admirers.